THREE FUN STORIES

NODDY™

Storybook Treasury

BBC

Enid Blyton's

NODDY

and the Special Key

BBC

It was a very hot day in Toyland. Noddy and his car felt like doing nothing at all.

"I'm sorry, little car," yawned Noddy. "We have to start work now. We have to take lots of people to the station so they can catch the train to the seaside."

As they were driving to Toy Town, Noddy heard a very peculiar rattling noise.

"What's that noise?" he asked. "Is it me? Am I rattling?"

Pink Cat stopped Noddy as he drove past her house.

"Your back bumper is loose. It is making a terrible noise," she said.

"Is *that* what it is?" said Noddy. "I thought it was me! I shall take it straight to Mr Sparks. Poor little car!"

But Mr Sparks could not mend the bumper.

"I can tie it up with some rope to stop it rattling while you take everybody to the station," he said, "but I must have my box of tools to mend it properly. I haven't seen my toolbox since yesterday, when I was mending Mr Straw's tractor."

At last, Noddy had brought everyone to the station.

"Wait for me!" cried Clockwork Mouse. "I lost my key and I had to buy a new one, but I'm ready now."

Clockwork Mouse went to help Noddy put the picnic things on the train. Naughty Martha Monkey reached out of the train and wound him up with his new key while he wasn't looking.

Poor Clockwork Mouse! He jumped up and down, and then he cartwheeled across the platform. He spun around on one leg, squeaking. He was quite out of control!

"Oh dear!" he cried. "I've never done leaps like that before! It must be the special new key that I bought from the goblins!"

"Leave it behind with me," said Noddy. "I'll look after it for you."

"Thank you, Noddy!" said Clockwork Mouse.

At last, the train was ready to depart. Noddy waved goodbye to all his friends.

"I should have liked to have gone to the seaside, but I suppose I must stay behind," thought Noddy. "I know! I'll ask Big-Ears if he'd like to go on a picnic!"

When they had found a field to picnic in, Noddy helped Big-Ears with the heavy picnic basket.

"I've got it!" he said. "Oh! Oh, no! I haven't got it!"

The basket slid down the hill, knocking Big-Ears right over! Big-Ears slipped all the way down again.

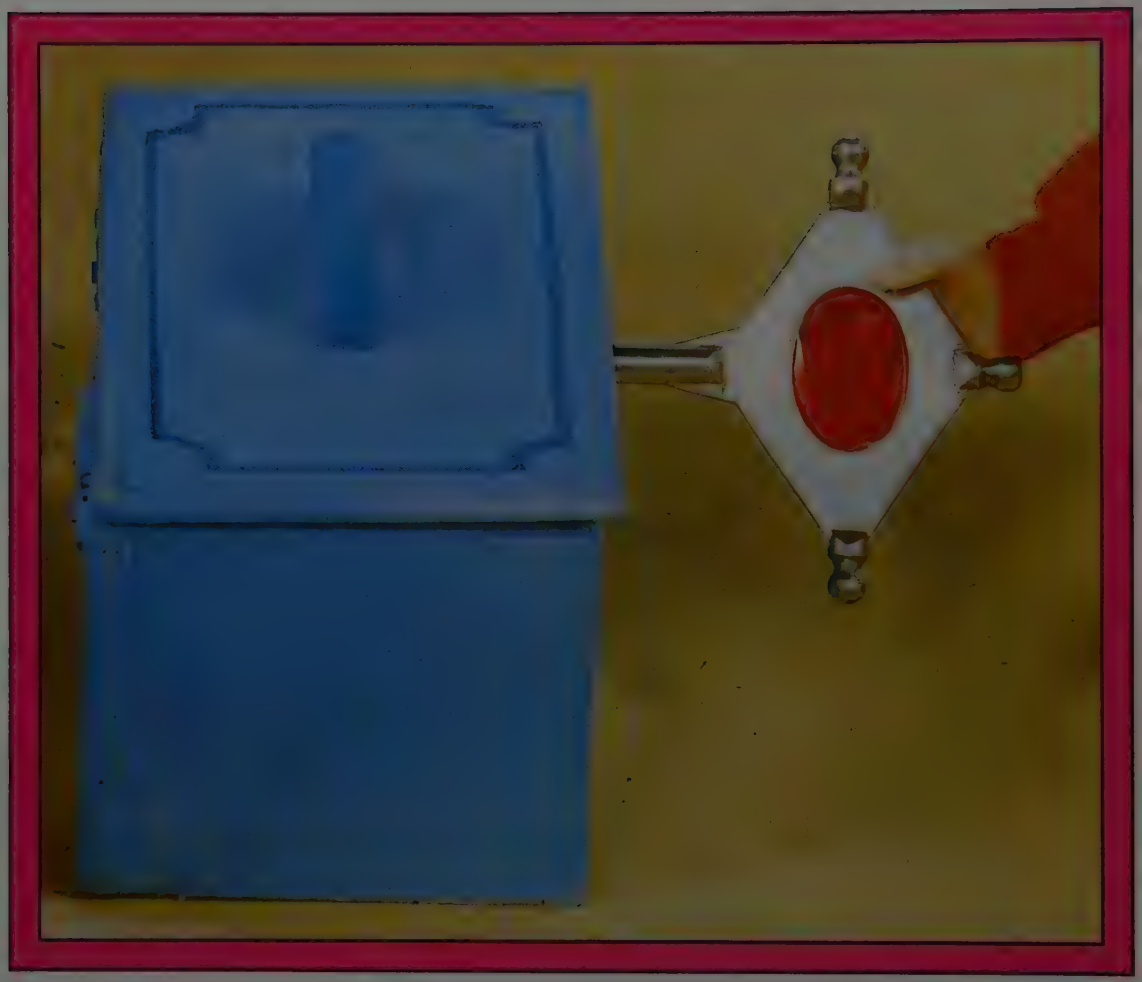
"Big-Ears! Big-Ears! Are you all right?" cried Noddy. "I *am* sorry!"

"Ouch! No, I'm not all right at all," groaned Big-Ears. "I have banged my head on something rather hard."

Big-Ears looked round to see what had hurt his head. It was a large, locked box.

"I wonder what it can be?" asked Big-Ears as he shook it. "It sounds as if there are pieces of metal in it."

"I shall try to unlock it with this special key," said Noddy.



"Goodness me!" said Big-Ears. "The key fits!"

"Clockwork Mouse *said* it was a special key," said Noddy.

"Look, it's a toolbox!" exclaimed Big-Ears.

"I think it's Mr Sparks' lost toolbox!" said Noddy. "It must have fallen out of his car."

"We must take it straight back to him," said Big-Ears. "We shall have to have our picnic later."

Mr Sparks was thrilled to have his box of tools again.

"I've mended your bumper properly now, Noddy," he said. "And because you found my tools for me, I shan't charge you a penny."

"Thank you, Mr Sparks!" said Noddy.

"I'm going to see if the special key can start my car," said Noddy, as he turned the key. "Oh, no! Help!"

"Parp! Parp!" shrieked Noddy's little car in horror, as it leapt into the air.

The little car shot off through Toy Town, racing round the streets.

"Slow down!" shouted Mr Plod.

"I'm trying to!" cried Noddy.

"Can't you make the brakes work, Noddy?" asked Big-Ears.

"I don't think I can!" said Noddy. "Look out, Beetles!"

"Parp! Parp!" went the car.

"Oh, no! Hold on!" cried Noddy, as the car bumped into an old oak tree and finally stopped. Noddy quickly took the key out of his car.

"Well, the special key *did* start my car," said Noddy, "but I shan't use it ever again!"

"Look down there, Big-Ears!" said Noddy. "That's Clockwork Mouse's old key!"

"I wonder how it got there?" said Big-Ears. "I know! Those goblins must have stolen it so they could play a trick on Clockwork Mouse with their special goblin key!"

"I will look after both keys until we get back to Toy Town," said Big-Ears. "Mr Plod should keep the special key safely locked away."

"Quite right, Big-Ears," agreed Noddy. "I'll drive very slowly this time – using my own key!"

As they drove back to Toy Town, Noddy heard a familiar rattle.

"Oh dear," he sighed. "This time the *front* bumper has come loose. Poor little car!"

"Never mind," said Big-Ears. "Mr Sparks will mend it for you."

At five thirty, the train pulled into the station. Noddy was waiting to pick up the passengers.

"Hello!" he shouted. "Hello, everybody!"

"Hello, Noddy!" they all cried.

"Did you have a good time at the seaside?" asked Noddy.

"Oh, yes," said Jumbo. "It was wonderful."

"The only trouble is, we've had nothing to eat," added Dinah Doll.

Mrs Tubby Bear explained. "I'm afraid that Master Tubby buried all our sandwiches on the beach. They were just *full* of sand."

Master Tubby didn't look at all sorry.

"You can all come to my house!" said Noddy. "Big-Ears and I have been far too busy to eat our picnic."

"Thank you," said Clockwork Mouse. "Have you still got my special key?"

"That key was far *too* special," said Noddy. "Mr Plod has locked it away."

"I shan't be able to do my amazing leaps any more," said Clockwork Mouse, sadly.

"Perhaps that's a good thing," said Dinah Doll.

"Look, Clockwork Mouse! Here is your old key back again," said Noddy. "It was stolen by the goblins! They tricked you into buying a very dangerous key. Mr Plod is dealing with the rascals."

Martha Monkey took the key and wound him up.

"Hurray!" cried Clockwork Mouse. "Look at me! I can still hop, skip and jump! Thank you, Noddy!"

"Come along, Noddy," said Mrs Tubby Bear. "Let's go home and have a nice picnic. After all your adventures with keys, I think you need to unwind!"

"Yes," laughed Noddy. "I think you may be right!"

Enid Blyton's

NODDY

Goes Shopping

It was a chilly day in Toyland and Noddy was glad he was wearing his hat and scarf when he drove to visit Big-Ears. As he approached Toadstool House, he heard a very strange sound indeed.

"Aaaa-choo!"

"Goodness me," said Noddy. "What's that terrible noise? There's something wrong in Big-Ears' house! I must make sure he's safe." Noddy stopped his car and ran in to see if his friend was all right.

"Big-Ears!" cried Noddy. "I've heard the most awfully loud noises coming from your house. Whatever's happening?"

"Aaaa-choo!" sneezed Big-Ears. "Oh, dear me," he said. "I've got a very bad cold."

"I am sorry," said Noddy. "You need a big warm bowl of bread and milk."

"I do," agreed Big-Ears, "but I've no bread and I've no milk. I'd be very grateful if you'd go shopping for me."

"Yes, I will," said Noddy. "I'll go right away."

"I would like one pint of milk, a jar of marmalade, a loaf of bread and a chocolate cake, please," said Big-Ears. "Can you remember all that?"

"Yes, I can," said Noddy. "Milk, jar, bread, cake. Anything else?"

"I could do with another hot-water bottle," said Big-Ears, "and a pair of bed socks to keep my feet warm."

"Milk, jar, bread, cake, bottle, socks," repeated Noddy. "I'll bring them all back at once."

"Aaaa-choo!" sneezed Big-Ears.

Driving through Toy Town, Noddy met Mr Milko delivering the day's milk. "Milko, milko," he called.

"I have to buy some milk for Big-Ears, but I don't remember if it was one pint or two pints," said Noddy.

"It's always better to have too much than too little," said Mr Milko. "Take two, and you can pay me when I come to your house – as long as you let me ring the bell on your hat!"

"All right," laughed Noddy. As Mr Milko pulled the bell, Noddy's head nodded up and down.

"Now everything in my head feels jumbled up," said Noddy, dizzily.

Noddy wandered through the market and tried very hard to remember all the things he needed to buy for Big-Ears. When Bumpy Dog saw him, he went rushing up to him and knocked him right over.

"I shall never be able to remember what Big-Ears wants me to buy with all this knocking about!" said Noddy.

"Woof, woof!" barked Bumpy.

"You can be useful, for once," said Noddy, sternly. "Carry my basket and don't bite through the handle. Follow me!"

As Noddy came to Dinah Doll's stall, he noticed the jars of strawberry jam which Mrs Tubby Bear was looking at.

"Jars!" he cried. "Yes, jars!"

"I beg your pardon, Noddy?" said Dinah, who didn't know what he was talking about.

"I'm shopping for Big-Ears and he wants some jars," explained Noddy. "I know it's better to have too many than too few, so may I have two jars, please?"

As Dinah gave Noddy the jars of the jam, he looked around trying to remember what else Big-Ears wanted.

"I also need . . . let me see . . . jar, bread, cake, bottle, socks!" he said, happily.

"What about these red and blue stripy socks?" suggested Dinah Doll.

"I'll take two pairs," said Noddy. "That's one pair for each of Big-Ears' feet."

"Now then . . . bottle," thought Noddy, as he put the socks in the basket. "It was something to do with hot water."

"What's in these bottles?" asked Mrs Tubby Bear.

"Bath oil," replied Dinah Doll.

"You put bath oil into hot water, so that must be it," said Noddy. "I'll have two bottles, please. Now all I need is bread and a cake."

Tessie Bear met Noddy as he came out of the bakery.

"Goodness me, Noddy!" she exclaimed. "What a lot of bread and cake."

"I'm shopping for Big-Ears," explained Noddy. "He's got a very bad cold. I only hope I haven't bought too much."

"It's better to have too much than too little," smiled Tessie.

At last, Noddy and Bumpy got back to the car with the full basket of shopping.

"You must lift up the basket so I can put it in the car," said Noddy, not realising how heavy it was. Bumpy Dog tried very hard to put the basket in the car, but the handle snapped and all the shopping fell out.

"You silly dog!" shouted Noddy, as Bumpy leapt around. "Now the cork has come out of the bottle of bath oil!"

Noddy went to pick up the shopping, but trod in the slippery bath oil. "Oooh!" he cried as he slid around, trying very hard not to fall over. Bumpy Dog started to bound towards him, but he started to slip and slide as well.

"Woof, woof!" he barked.

Mr Plod and Jumbo came to see what all the fuss was about, but they started to slide about as well. Two of the Skittle children thought it was a marvellous game.

"Oh dear," sighed Noddy. "Poor Mr Plod."

At last, after he had cleared up all the mess, Noddy managed to bring all the shopping back to Big-Ears' house.

"Oh, my word!" cried Big-Ears when he woke up. "What a huge amount of shopping!"

"It's always better to have too much than too little, you know," smiled Noddy.

"You've got spots all over your face, Noddy," said Big-Ears in surprise.

"It's only strawberry jam," said Noddy. "I'm afraid one of the jars smashed."

"But I didn't want strawberry jam," said Big-Ears. "I wanted marmalade. And why have you bought three loaves of bread? I only wanted one loaf. The others will be stale in no time."

"I couldn't remember exactly what you said," explained Noddy.

"Two pints of milk! And what an enormous cake!" groaned Big-Ears.

"I did get some things right," said Noddy. "Look! Socks, and a bottle."

"These aren't bed socks," said Big-Ears. "I wanted one hot-water bottle, not two bottles of bath oil. Next time, I shall write you a list."

"Yes," agreed Noddy. "Then I can't go wrong. May I try again tomorrow?"

"All right," said Big-Ears, yawning. "I shall leave a list for you in case I've not woken up by the time you arrive."

The next day, Noddy went to the market with Big-Ears' list.

"I'm sure I've got it right this time, Dinah," said Noddy. "Today I'm buying exactly what's on Big-Ears' shopping list. I crept in and took it while he was asleep."

Dinah took the list and read it. "It's a very strange list. Poor Big-Ears must be very short of clothes and linen."

"At least we know it's what he wants," said Noddy, happily.

When Noddy took the shopping back to Toadstool House, he couldn't understand why Big-Ears started laughing.

"Ho, ho, ho!" cried Big-Ears. "A new sheet and pillow-case! A new towel!"

"Yes," said Noddy. "And two pairs of plain socks, a red shirt, a vest and a fine new tablecloth. I've got everything on your list."

"But these things weren't on my shopping list, Noddy!" laughed Big-Ears.

"I found this list on your table," said Noddy.

"Yes . . . ho, ho, ho!" laughed Big-Ears again. "That was my washing list. I'd left it out for the laundryman! Ho, ho, ho!"

"I took the wrong list!" said Noddy, crestfallen. "I bought everything that was meant to go to the laundry to be washed, and I've spent such a lot of money. You'll have to pay Dinah Doll a very big bill!"

"I'm sure she'll take all these goods back," said Big-Ears.

"Noddy, you have made me laugh such a lot! I feel so very much better!" laughed Big-Ears. "Come along, let's drive into town. We'll do my shopping together."

"Yes," laughed Noddy. "I think that's a good idea!"

Enid Blyton's

NODDY

Meets Some Silly Hens

It was an important day in Toyland. Mr Straw's horse had hurt its leg, so Noddy was going to take the farmer's hens to market in his car.

"Hello, Mr Straw's horse," cried Noddy as he drove up. "I'm sorry that you've hurt your leg, but don't worry – I'll make sure the hens get safely to market."

"Neigh!" said the horse crossly.

"Yes, it is a shame that you'll miss the sugar cubes Dinah Doll gives you, but too much sugar isn't good for your teeth. Goodbye!"

"Harumph!" snorted the horse. He wasn't at all happy.

As Noddy drove into the farmyard, all Mr Straw's hens were scratching round for corn.

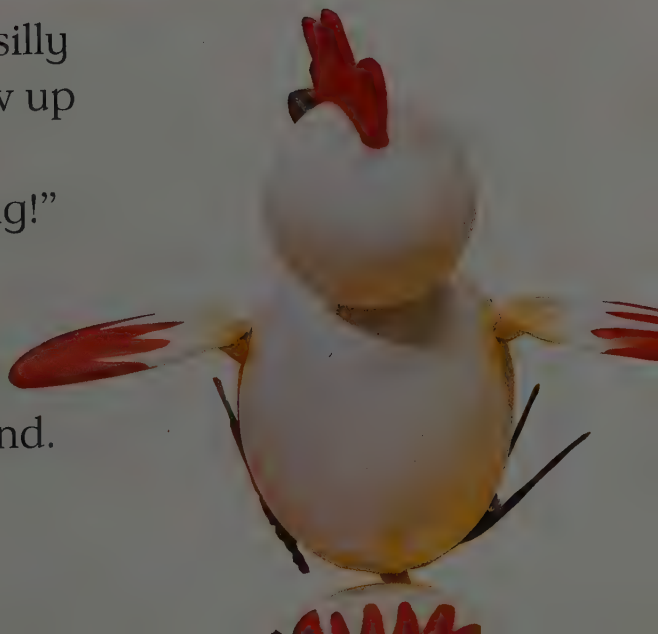
"Cluck cluck!" squawked the cockerel in alarm.

"Stop flapping about, you silly hens!" said Noddy.

The hens were being very silly indeed, and one of them flew up on to Noddy's car bonnet.

"I can't see where I'm going!" cried Noddy. "Get off!"

The little car swerved as Noddy struggled to see, and drove right into the duck pond.



"Good morning, Noddy," cried Mr and Mrs Straw from over the fence.

"It's very kind of you to come and help with our hens," said Mrs Straw, "but I don't think it was a good idea to park in the pond."

"I didn't mean to," said Noddy. "Your hens got in the way, Mrs Straw. I shall have to reverse my car out before its wheels get too wet and it catches a cold."

Noddy tried to reverse his little car out of the duck pond, but its wheels were stuck in the mud and it wouldn't budge.

"It won't move at all," he cried unhappily. "We'll have to pull it free or I shan't be able to take your hens to market. Can your horse help?"

Mr Straw shook his head. "Not with his sore leg, Noddy."

"Harumph!" snorted Mr Straw's horse. *He* wasn't going to help!

Just then, they heard the jingling sound of a very loud bell. They all turned round and saw Mr Sparks driving down the lane in his new fire-engine.

"Perhaps Mr Sparks could help," suggested Mr and Mrs Straw. Noddy ran off to ask him.

"Mr Sparks!" cried Noddy. "Can you help us? My poor car is stuck in the pond, and we can't think how to get it out."

"That's no problem, Noddy," replied Mr Sparks. "I've got a towing rope. The fire-engine will pull it free in no time."

"Thank you!" said Noddy happily.

Mr Sparks and Noddy carefully attached the tow rope to Noddy's little car and got ready to pull it out.

"One, two, three, HEAVE!" they cried. The fire-engine pulled very hard, and little by little, Noddy's car came out of the duck pond.

"Thank you so much for pulling my car out of the mud, Mr Sparks," said Noddy.

"That's quite all right, Noddy," said Mr Sparks. "I enjoyed it."

"Well done, everybody," said Mr Straw. "Now it's time to round up the hens."

The hens were peacefully pecking around, looking for corn. Noddy crept up on them stealthily, hoping to round them all up at once.

Suddenly, he dived for the nearest hen, but it was too quick for him. Poor Noddy fell flat on his face!

At last, Noddy had all the hens safely in his car.

"Now, hens, just sit there," said Noddy sternly, "and don't cluck too much or you'll put me off my driving."

"Cluck cluck!" went the hens.

"Now Noddy, off you go," said Mr Straw. "Just leave the hens with my brother at the market."

"I do hope they'll behave," said Noddy.

"Well, here's sixpence for their fare," said the farmer. "If they lay any eggs on the way, you can have them."

"Thank you, Mr Straw," said Noddy and he set off.

On the way to the market, Noddy drove past the fire-engine again. Lots of the toys were gathered round, admiring it.

"Look at that shiny new bell!" said Clockwork Mouse.

Noddy stopped to look at it again.

"Isn't it a wonderful fire-engine?" he said. "Mr Sparks rescued my car from the pond this morning."

"You are lucky," sighed Clockwork Mouse. "I'd love to see it in action."

"I must deliver Mr Straw's hens now," said Noddy and he turned back to his car. "Oh, no!" he cried. "Where are they? Where have they gone?" There wasn't a single hen left in his car!

"There they go," said Mr Wobbly Man, pointing down the street.

"What silly hens they are," said Mr Jumbo, the toy elephant.

"Come back, hens!" cried Noddy, but the hens just clucked and disappeared up an alley.

Noddy looked everywhere for the hens. "Where are you?" he cried. As he came to the police station, he stopped his car and shouted again. "Hens! Where are you hiding?"

"Cluck, cluck!" he heard. "Cluck, cluck."

Noddy looked around, baffled. He couldn't see them anywhere, until he looked up to the roof.

There they were, sitting on the roof of the police station!

"You silly hens!" cried Noddy. "Why have you flapped up there? I'll never get you to market now. Come down!"

Meanwhile, the toys were still admiring the fire-engine. Mr Sparks had come back and was showing them what all the different equipment was for. Just then, they heard a clucking noise in the distance.

"What's that noise?" asked Mr Sparks.

"It's coming from my police station," said Mr Plod. "Someone may be in trouble!"

"Just as I was hoping!" cried Mr Sparks. "Time for a rescue!"

Mr Plod nodded happily. "You may need some help," he said as he jumped on, and they drove off to the police station.

Eventually, Mr Sparks brought the last hen down from the roof.

"Thank you, Mr Sparks," said Mr Plod. "Come along, you silly creature," he said as he passed the hen to Noddy.

"Thank you so much for rescuing the hens, Mr Sparks," said Noddy.

"Not at all," said Mr Sparks, "it was an excellent chance to try out this ladder."

"I suggest you take all these silly hens straight to Mr Straw's brother," said Mr Plod, "before they cause any more trouble!"

"I will!" said Noddy.

All the toys cheered as Mr Sparks parked the fire-engine in front of his garage once again.

"What a fine rescue, Mr Sparks!" said Jumbo.

"Thank you," replied Mr Sparks, modestly. "I enjoyed myself."

Noddy drew up in his little car, having safely delivered all the hens to Mr Straw's brother.

"I'm sorry to have been such a nuisance today, Mr Sparks," said Noddy.

"It wasn't your fault," said Mr Sparks kindly. "It was those silly hens."

Just then, Mr Jumbo noticed something very strange. "I say, Noddy," he said, "did you know you had eleven eggs in the back of your car?"

"Eleven eggs?" cried Noddy. "Those hens must have laid them on the way from the farm. Eleven eggs for tea! You must have one of them, Mr Sparks, for rescuing my car from the pond."

"That's very kind," said Mr Sparks. "What a marvellous day!"

"And here's another one for rescuing the hens from the roof of the police station," said Noddy.

Noddy counted the eggs in his car. "That leaves nine eggs for tea."

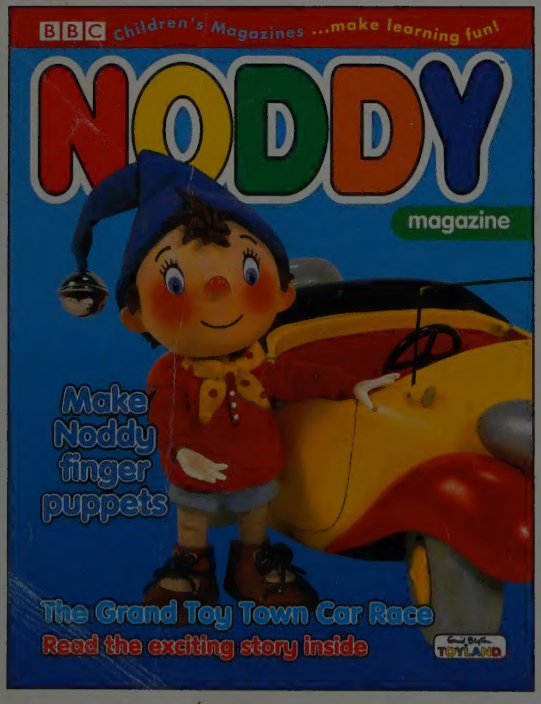
"Don't eat them all at once, Noddy," said Clockwork Mouse, "or you'll start clucking!"

"Will I?" said Noddy in surprise. "I should hate to turn into a silly hen! You must all have an egg each, then, and help me to eat them."

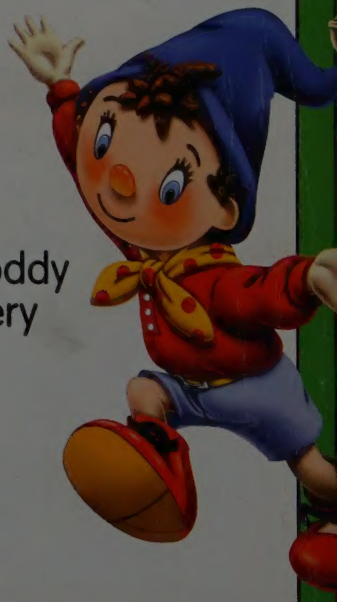
"Thank you, Noddy," cried the toys. "We all love eggs!"

"Well, perhaps it was worth taking those silly hens to market, after all," laughed Noddy happily.

Look out for this exciting video from the brand new Noddy in Toyland television series, which features new live-action, puppetry and songs combined with original Noddy animation.



And have lots of fun with Noddy magazine every month, too.



BBC

Storybook Treasury

Have fun with Noddy and his Toyland friends in these three stories packed into one great book!

In *Noddy and the Special Key*, the goblins are playing tricks with a special key. But Noddy doesn't realise how powerful this key is until he uses it to start his little car!

In *Noddy Goes Shopping*, Big-Ears catches a nasty cold so Noddy offers to go shopping for him. But he can't quite remember what Big-Ears asked him to buy...

In *Noddy and the Silly Hens*, Noddy takes some hens to market. But the silly hens run away and poor Noddy is soon exhausted – but there's a surprise in store!

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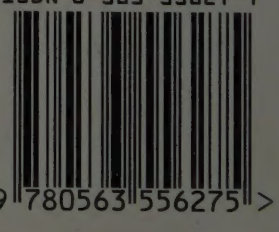

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